

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Assistant Editor: CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Editorial Contributors:

RICHARD BARTRAM,
J. VILLA BLAKE,
CHARLES F. DOLE,
JOHN R. EFFINGER,
EMIL G. HIRSCH,
FREDERICK L. HOSMER,
WILLIAM C. GANNETT,
ELLEN T. LEONARD,
JOHN C. LEARNED,
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Editorial.

EASTER MORNING.

F. L. HOSMER.

On eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn!

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And flowers are blossoming.

O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out its buried memories,
Immortal hopes shall grow.

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Its faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years.

EDUCATION is the divinely appointed means of reconciling man to God, as it is of man to man.

THE good deed, the good thought is a success if it does nothing and goes nowhere other than to build the beautiful white column of character in the soul itself.

ONE form of prayer among the Persians consisted in fixing the thought upon high and holy things; as in reflection upon the Beautiful Order, or in the contemplation of Duty.

THERE is a power in the universe that sets its seal of approval upon excellence, that in the realm of the soul secures the survival of the noblest, as in the realms of nature the survival of the strongest is secured.

HONESTY is not always rewarded with prosperity, and success sometimes follows the trickster in trade; but it is not always going to be so. It is less so now than it used to be. Slowly the country is learning to distrust the dema-

gogue, and the day is coming when men will so understand the laws of the universe that they will respect them, and will learn to act as God does towards evil.

IN our country we have left behind all trust in the divine authority of kings, popes or bishops. It remains for us to substitute intelligence in the citizen as our safeguard. As he is cultivated or savage, noble or depraved, so will our state be.

NOTHING is failure that makes for character; nothing is success that hurts it. Not Vanderbilt's millions can buy the benediction that lurks in the loving impulse of the poorest day laborer who believes in justice and tries to live up to his belief.

THE Boston correspondent of *The Standard* (Baptist) charges Rev. C. G. Ames with "intellectual imbecility" in one of his recent lectures on his religious experience. We think this is about the last charge that will ever stick to the successor of the late James Freeman Clarke.

THE *Methodist Recorder* has an editorial on "Christian Agnosticism," which consists in the admission of truth undiscovered, of realities beyond human knowledge. It is scepticism and infidelity which refuses to believe in anything that cannot be tested by the senses. Orthodoxy and agnosticism have often occupied the same pew.

WE believe that the hope of our country to-day is vested more in the humble buildings, the unpretending school houses, without bell or steeple, that mark the cross-roads of our western prairies, than in their more pretentious associates which carry both bell and steeple, which we call churches. It is man and not God that has called the work of the preacher sacred, and that of the teacher secular.

IT is insolence to call that education that chiefly puts into the mind a few facts, more or less important, but fails to put them into life, does not transform them into thoughtfulness. It is pitiful to find our elaborate systems of education only incidentally affecting character, and to find sometimes that the multiplication table crowds out the "Golden Rule," that an acquaintance with the decimal system only enables one to more effectually thwart the law of honesty.

PROF. ROBERTSON SMITH, in his "Religion of the Semites," controverts the idea that religion has its origin in awe and fear inspired by the powers of the universe. Its basis is a sense of relation to "kindred and friendly beings." "It is not with a vague fear of unknown powers, but with a loving reverence for known gods who are knit to their worshipers by strong bonds of kinship, that religion in the only true sense of the word begins." Indeed, he makes it plain that only as man is a moral being has he any need or conception of a God at all.

WE are glad to publish the article on "Socialism Capturing a Throne," from the vigorous pen of our welcome contributor, Mr. Lyche; but we fear his hopes of the new regime in Prussia are somewhat premature, and insecurely founded. Absolutism does not lose its essential character because of an occasional fit of generosity. We are willing to give the young emperor credit for his conciliatory policy towards the working classes, though we suspect the under-

lying motive was not altogether as benevolent as Mr. Lyche thinks. Socialism is even farther from capturing the throne of a monarch who yields a fraction of his supreme power at need, than of the less politic ruler who yields nothing. We are right, however, to be grateful for any extension of popular liberty, but let us reserve most praise for the growth of enlightened sentiment and that pressure of public opinion which even an inheritor of arbitrary power, secured with the bayonets of the largest standing army in the world, is compelled to recognize.

NOTHING is more reasonable than the fulfilment of a suggestion recently made by Rev. S. A. Eliot, of Denver. It is, that each church that is aided by denominational funds shall report annually its financial condition to the denomination. In this way the directors of the American Unitarian Association, missionaries in the field, and the public at large will gain information much needed. We believe it would lead to wiser and more efficient expenditure and to more generous giving. Let all Unitarians know just where and for what purposes their collections are spent. It is only business-like.

DR. E. L. REXFORD throws much clear light on the relation of Christianity to Theism in *The Universalist Record*. "Theism is the generic term, while Christianity is the special term under that larger classification." Of the tendency to exalt Theism above Christianity, he says: "The great world-problems can never be solved by the Christocentric theory of the government of the moral universe." Of the tendency to say that God speaks *only* through Christianity, he declares: "It knows nothing of the ancient struggle of humanity to find God," in the ages long before Christianity existed. "Jesus of Nazareth was born into a movement already begun." Theism may yet "bridge the chasm between Jew and Christian."

WE do not remember ever to have seen, in the printed record of wise men's thoughts on the subject, a better estimate of the moral efficacy of creeds than this, contained in the private letter of a friend. Speaking of denominational preferences she writes: "As for myself, creeds have little weight with me. Any creed may be spiritualized until it only stands for what is divine in God and man; and any creed may materialize into a character as destitute of soul as a plaster cast. It is a question of growth and not of profession." We are in hearty accord with this, yet we would not say belief was valueless. The spiritualizing processes that go forward under an unspiritual creed are yet unconsciously hampered by that creed; and the materializing results that are often manifest in the lives of those professing a rational faith would appear in yet grosser form, perhaps, without such faith, however lightly held, or poorly applied.

IT would be ludicrous, if it were not so sad, to watch Presbyterians in our day gradually rubbing their eyes open, and finally coming to see that the Calvinistic system is a horrible delusion. The rest of the world has seen it clearly enough for a long time. But how rigidly have the supporters of the Westminster Confession closed their minds to every ray of light or criticism; and with what an air of spiritual superiority, if not of infallibility, have they looked down upon all those who dared

to test religious faith by the canons of reason! When *presto!* something has happened. The direct "misrepresentations" of the Calvinistic creed are no longer from rationalists, but sound out from the very councils of the Presbyterian Church. We now know that the pictures drawn by Margaret Deland in "John Ward," were all true. Talmage recently said he had never had any trouble with the Westminster Confession—thought it was all right enough—but on the whole, now that the discussion on revision has broken out, concludes it is not quite up to the ideas of the nineteenth century. So he favors not a revision, but a clean sweep, a wholly new creed.

A SUMMER ASSEMBLY.

"What are you going to do next summer?" is a question that is already heard among that class of workers, to whom July and August come as a blessed release from care, and as the one season, when the continuous *giving* of the rest of the year, is changed to a *getting*. However we may protest against it, for certain ideal reasons, summer schools, water-side assemblies, and professional institutes under the trees have come to stay, and for the best of reasons. Intense mental activity and nervous strain are not best counterbalanced by mere indolence; the mind is not rested by vacuity, but by wholesome change and genial activity. Not all can go to the seaside, and not all can find what they most need, from the existing resorts of the Chautauqua, Lake Bluffs, and similar semi-orthodox gatherings. The above considerations have led to the growth of a sentiment, around our Headquarters, at 175 Dearborn street, that the time has come to begin to establish some rallying point for the workers in the cause which *UNITY* represents in the west and for the west. At the meeting of the Sunday School Institute, at Davenport, last October, the matter was discussed and referred to the directors, with recommendation that the Fourth Annual Institute be held sometime during August, if a suitable place could be found. The Directors of the W. U. S. S. Society have been giving the matter considerable thought and begin to see the way clear, if a sufficient number will be interested to make it desirable.

The most available place seems to be in Helena Valley, Wis., where there is a nucleus of resident parties to welcome such a gathering; and attend to local details. Here is a little chapel already built for the meetings, if not too large, and the Hillside Home School, which will accommodate from thirty to forty boarders, and the adjoining farm houses perhaps half as many more. Here is a spot removed from the distractions of sight-seers and pleasure seekers; here is nothing startling "to see," but it is in the heart of that bluff country, which probably affords the nearest approach to the rugged New England scenery, found in the west. It is on the shores of the Wisconsin river, where one may bathe, fish, row, and find plenty of sand. It is a good place around which to walk, ride, drive. The farmers in the valley are given to dairying, so there is plenty of fresh milk to be had. It is situated three miles from Spring Green, the nearest railroad station. This is about thirty-five miles west of Madison, and sixty east of Prairie du Chien. There is a good wagon bridge across the Wisconsin at this point, and Uncle Sam established last January a new post-office, called Hillside, with a daily mail.

If the C. M. and St. P. Railway will only replace the ancient relic of a depot they have at Spring Green, with a neat modern station, this would be one of the most attractive and enterprising little villages to stop at on that line of road.

The proposition, at its *minimum*, is to arrange for a two-weeks' quiet work, covering from Aug. 13 to 27 in some such a way as this:

From 9 to 10:30, Ministerial Institute work. From 10 to 12:30, Sunday School Institute work with special reference to the study of comparative religions contemplated in the second year's work in the Six Years' Course of Study. The afternoons to be given to walking, boating, driving and hammock drill. The evenings to be given to popular science work—botany, geology, etc. This plan can be carried out if forty people desire it enough to attend. Board at the Hillside Home School can be obtained for \$6 a week; at the adjoining farmhouses for \$3.50 a week. The C. M. & St. Paul Ry. promises the same excursion rates as are granted to similar gatherings on longer lines. This is the smaller ground plan. There is the further possibility of enlarging it with camping and pleasure privileges and popular lectures throughout the day.

Old Helena is now less than a deserted village, but in early territorial days it was one of the busy and important centers in south-western Wisconsin. Here the mineral from the lead-fields of Iowa county was brought for shipment down the river. Here was located one of the earliest Shot-Towers in the west, the "tower" consisting of a hole drilled from the top of a beautiful bluff, down to the level of the river, where a horizontal shaft was drilled through the solid rock to meet the shot which were carried to the finishing house on the water's edge, from which they were shipped by steamboat. The railroads changed the line of traffic; the busy town is gone. The machinery of the finishing house, we believe, is still making shot in Chicago, and there remains nothing of that life-taking industry but the hole in the bluff. This bluff, commanding a great view, with grounds for desirable camping privileges, some UNITY friends secured possession of last summer, and a company known as "The Tower-Hill Pleasure Company" has been organized under the laws of Wisconsin. The stock books are now ready. Shares are sold at \$5 apiece. If a hundred shares can be sold, cottages and tents can be put up on the grounds of this company to accommodate share-holders free of rent. Among the share-holders already enrolled are S. S. Hunting, the Gannett and Jones family, Miss L. M. Dunning, Miss Mary L. Lord, Miss Juniata Stafford of Chicago, and others.

What do you think of it? How many will go? How many will help to establish this Summer Home for tired Unitarian Ministers, busy School Mistresses and other brain workers, which is so much needed in the west? We look only for those who will receive this scheme, not as another *duty*, but as a welcome privilege, a looked-for-chance to enjoy nature untrimmed, to have some cheap yet wholesome out-of-doors. As soon as the forty names are received, the plans will be vigorously pushed and progress duly announced. Not more than, perhaps, sixty people can be accommodated with board as above indicated. Any above this number will have to take to their tents. Accommodations will be secured in order of application. All communications concerning the Summer Assembly to be made to Mrs. E. T. Leonard, Sec'y of the S. S. Society, 175 Dearborn st. Applications for stock in "The Tower Hill Pleasure Company" to be made to the President of the company, Hon. R. L. Joiner, Wyoming, Wis., or to Miss L. M. Dunning, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Write at once so that we may know what to do. Further questions will be cheerfully answered in these columns.

THE EASTER FESTIVAL.

Easter is again upon us, with its mingled memories and associations and its spring-tide air of joy and hope. Churches of widely differing creeds will be abloom with flowers; hymn and sermon will voice the soul's faith in the things unseen and eternal; all hearts will feel the touch of this festival season. It is noteworthy how Easter, like Christmas, has grown in general observance among us in these last decades. In his native town, some twenty miles from Boston, the writer well remembers attending school in his boyhood as usual on Christmas day. Little account was made of the festival by the local churches,—Unitarian and Trinitarian Congregational and Baptist,—and no account whatever was made of Easter. And generally, in New England at least, these seasons were not specially observed outside the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches and homes. Now there are scarcely any churches or religious societies so bare of ritual but on these days they share to some extent in the special observance of them; and in the humblest home some spray of bloom fills the place of the Christmas green.

What is the reason of this? It certainly is not that in these last years the wonder-stories that halo the birth of Jesus have gained added confirmation in the popular belief, or that the New Testament records and traditions touching the empty sepulcher and the reappearing body of flesh have become more generally accepted in the light of later thought and criticism. In both these matters the fact is quite the other way. The reason is to be found rather in the real value and beauty of these great festivals and their persistent age-long life, which the pressure of ecclesiastical reaction and change could for a while suspend, but could not destroy.

And this brings to mind the often-asked question,—"Why do liberal Christians, simple theists, rationalists, so-called, and other folds of freer religious thought,—why do these observe Christmas and Easter? They do not believe in the

supernatural birth of Jesus, or that his mortal body after lying three days in the tomb was re-animated and finally taken up into the skies. Why do they observe these festivals?" Sometimes the question is asked in all kindness and for information; sometimes it is asked with a sort of sneer and a manifested sense of monopoly right in the common inheritance. In reply it is to be said that those who ask this question show that they do not fully understand the nature of a great popular festival and all that enters in to make it. It is as if one were to stand at the mouth of the Mississippi river and ask: What makes this mighty volume of water, if it be not the stream from Itasca lake? He ignores the great tributaries that swell the flow, not to speak of the uncountable smaller streams and brooks; ignores, too, the fact that that far-away lake is fed from remoter streams. The fact is that no great festival is ever made to order, nor can be. It is a thing of growth; and this means, as in all growth, that it is in constant process of development and adaptation, taking up into itself new material and sloughing off old, while the vital idea or sentiment survives in new aspects and forms and is carried up into ampler expression. So it is with our Easter. It is a Christian graft upon older stock, whether of Jewish Passover or of the festival of Nature's resurrection, with its suggestive symbolism, as observed by the nations of central and northern Europe before Christianity appeared among them. The very name Easter,—Anglo-Saxon *Easter*, German *Ostern*,—is a monument and witness. It takes us back to the old Teutonic mythology,—the Goddess of Spring to whom the season was dedicated and in whose praise it was observed. With that wonderful appropriating power which marked the spread of Christianity, it took up into itself the festivals of antecedent faiths and made them commem-

orative of its own history, beliefs and ideas, enriching them with its larger teaching and faith. "There is no trace of the celebration of Easter as a Christian festival in the New Testament or in the writings of the apostolic fathers." So says Canon Venables in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. But it was natural, as the new faith went forth in its conquest of the outside world and clothed itself in ritual and organization, that it should feel the force and value of these great national commemorations and should blend with them the growing commemorations of its special history and traditions. And through all the centuries since, what new meaning and association have been gathered to the Easter festival, as men's faith has become more spiritualized, their conception of the soul's nature and destiny enlarged, their thought of immortality less earthly and its evidences more from within! And to us all the day gathers up into itself private and personal memories and by these is hallowed to our individual hearts, independently of our interpretations of the New Testament records and of the special beliefs of an earlier age, whether pagan or Christian. It has acquired a *human* and universal element; and to many, and a growing number, this element is uppermost in the festival, while the thought and personality of the great teacher and prophet of Nazareth blend humanly with the tender memories and associations of the day. In short, Easter has become the great festival of Immortality. It is beyond the exclusive claim or appropriation of any sect or creed or school of biblical criticism. It is our common inheritance. The man whose mental attitude towards the Hereafter is that of "I know," can join in it; the man who says "I believe," can keep it; the man who says only "I hope," can keep it; and in the keeping of it, in the sympathy of like human memories and hopes, our lives are drawn into closer fellowship and there is a holy and helpful ministry to all.

F. L. H.

LOTTERIES IN DAKOTA AND ELSEWHERE.

The recent agitation over lotteries in Dakota raises the question: What is the real evil in them and how far been suppressed? There has been great improvement in public opinion since last century, when gambling was so common that even Dr. Johnson, the great moralist and champion of the church, spoke of the evil with more defence than censure; when Addison drew a lottery prize, and Westminster bridge was built by lotteries, and even the British Museum originated from one; when France had a "lottery of piety"; and Christ Church in Philadelphia finished its steeple by another, of which Benjamin Franklin was a director. There has been a great improvement in this century, since that early period when our national congress authorized lotteries; and it is amusing to-day to find so noted a writer as Frederick Bastiat lamenting their suppression in France, and praising them as "the poetry of the poor." In view of all this, we hail the recent indignation against them as a cheering sign of moral progress.

But while so grateful for the growing sentiment against lotteries, we ought to ask whether the evil that was in them does not still lurk in other forms. What is that evil? Is it public disorder, as in gambling dens? No, for they are conducted more peaceably. Is it a fraud? Hardly; for that is not a necessary feature of them. Doubtless they are often attended with misrepresentation and dishonesty,—as other business often is. Doubtless lottery advertisements greatly exaggerate, as many mercantile advertisements have been known to; and doubtless many men are beguiled to buy lottery tickets of but very little value, as they are beguiled to buy patent medicine of no value at all. Such dishonesty is not peculiar to the lottery system; and in many cases there is no fraud at all, but men take their chances with clear understanding. Is the evil

then in the appeal to chance, as so many suppose? No; for this element of chance enters more or less into most business life. Appeals to chance are even sanctioned by biblical use; the Holy Land was all assigned by lot, and even one of the apostles was chosen by lot. Even so high an authority as President Porter of Yale College, denies that appeals to chance are immoral, and defends "the use of lotteries or raffling in benevolent or religious fairs" against those who censure it.

The real evil in lotteries is not in their mere appeal to chance, but in their use of it to seek fortunes without earning them, and at the expense of others. Lotteries in this way are a great evil, leading people to neglect honest industry, and to live on each other, instead of by their own labor. But this evil should be censured when seen outside of lotteries. It is just as bad to live on each other by cunning as by chance. It is worse to win from each other by business trickery than by tickets. All gain by the loss of others, by no desert of our own, is of the same evil character that underlies gambling; and is the same whether it be censured in Louisiana under the name of lottery, or honored elsewhere under the name of law. And another evil of lotteries is that they harm especially the poor. Most wise men know enough to keep out of them, but the ignorant are deluded and made poorer. In this respect, they are even worse than gambling; for it is better that rich gamblers should win each others wealth, than that the poor should lose their little. But this evil, too, is not confined to lotteries, and is just as bad in whatever way it comes. It is no worse to win gain from the laboring class by the lottery wheel, than by factory or car wheels. Any business system or custom which oppresses the poor is an evil, whether committed by a bribed legislature in Dakota, or by men anywhere. We will denounce lotteries, but not forget evils of similar intent elsewhere, and work for the full justice and charity which all classes owe to each other.

H. M. S.

MEN AND THINGS.

MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL, of Denver, contributes an interesting sketch on Thomas Hill Green, the original of Robert Elsmere, to a late number of the *Religious-Philosophical Journal*.

We have received a printed copy of a sermon on "Liberal Christianity" by Rev. C. P. Massey, from which we hope to clip one or two extracts for the benefit of *UNITY* readers, if our limited space permits.

A WRITER in the *Boston Transcript* says that Mr. Mozoomdar entertains the kindest recollections of his visit to America a few years ago, and calls attention to his new book "The Oriental Christ," as a remarkable work.

REV. N. M. MANN, one of our cleverest thinkers, gave an excellent discourse on The Golden Rule recently before his congregation in Omaha, comparing the precept of Jesus, with similar rules of conduct, embodied in the teachings of Confucius and Hillel.

MRS. EDNAH C. CHENEY has accepted an invitation to be present at the Western Conference in May, and take part in the Parker memorial meeting. Mrs. Cheney will arrange to give one or two lectures while in the city if friends desire to hear her. Address *UNITY* office.

UNITY is glad to receive short pithy articles on any of the leading questions of the day, in or outside the domain of religious discussion. We have only these points to urge in respect to such articles, remember our small space, let them be short. Write on one side of the paper, and enclose stamps for return of unused manuscripts.

THE printed letter-head of the Equal Suffrage Association of South Dakota, shows the symbol of a pair of balanced scales, inscribed with the words "Justice" and "Equality." Our city readers will be interested to know that Miss S. A. Richards, formerly of Chicago, is the treasurer of the association, who has been one of the most active and faithful pioneers in that rising young state. We wish Miss Richards might sometime send an account of her experiences to *UNITY*.

In respect to the most important political reform of the day, that of our civil service, it looks as if the people, who are quite in earnest on this subject, had little to choose between the two great parties. *The American*, a journal of progressive republicanism, is authority for the statement that during the first twelve months of President Cleveland's administration there were 12,500 removals from office and during the first year of his successor 35,200.

Contributed and Selected.

THE TULIPS.

I saw a flash of splendor, I saw a flash of light,
And, lo! up springing round me with varied hues bedight,
Were the slender cups, the nodding cups, so marvelously bright.

O cups brim full of sunshine, the yellow cups for me,
And cups o'er-splashed with ruby wine, mine shall your beauty be;
O snow-white cups, O stainless cups, be mine your purity!

In vain, in vain! we may not win the treasure of the flowers;
The soul alone can feel the spell, inwrought by sun and showers,
And long, cool nights when in the earth fashioned the miracle powers.

And yet, rejoice, O spirit, for the guerdon that is thine;
Beauty unfathomable alone doth make thee yearn and pine
With infinite thirst to know in truth the Life of life, divine.

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

SOCIALISM CAPTURING A THRONE.

Emperor William II. of Germany began his reign under no favorable auspices. The civilized world judged him harshly, and as it believed, justly. Friends of progress and of humanity mourned the death of Frederick III., whose liberal spirit promised so much good to the forty millions of our fellow beings, whose weal and woe so largely depend on the laws, institutions and government of Germany.

But the world has already been forced to revise its judgment of William II. He has not turned out to be a saint, sage or benefactor; but all must admit that there is a will to do right, an eye to see and the courage to grapple with difficulties in him, which must make him one of the great ones of our race, or result in sad failure.

William II. is a king who evidently wants to be a king—the man who can and dares be leader, ruler and guide of his nation. The name of kingship does not satisfy him. He wants to deserve the place of head man of his people, a man who dares, at least, and dares in new fields to grapple with the enemies and dangers now threatening his Fatherland. A modern king who actually rules; who, despite his high position, sees and feels the sufferings of the working classes of his realm, and dares to say that, so far as in him in him lies, Justice, not mere charity, shall be given them; such a king deserves even from the most radical and uncompromising republican respectful greeting, and a "Lebe hoch" for the man in the imperial robe.

A king—nay, any man whom fortune has favored—who realizes that the present state of affairs is not ideal; that whole classes of society suffer under hateful injustice, which they cannot remove or conquer—such a man is almost phenomenal; and the clear-sightedness, the penetration, the right will, the respect for duty and right thus revealed in him should have their full meed of praise.

From a monarchical standpoint, what wiser thing could a king do than prove that monarchy may still be of use, and truly divine as the defense of the weak against the strong, the defender of social justice in the world. Such a monarchy would convert many a republican tired of seeing republican government machinery captured by conscienceless, irresponsible "bosses," and greedy office-seekers; to the social reformer, must it give joy beyond measure to see that even from the throne wrong has been recognized, and means undertaken to correct it. The suffering is too intense and widespread for any good man to care much how or through whom any measure of relief comes. Would that democracy might mean social righteousness, but if monarchy can make itself stand for it—good! Compared with the cause of social justice, the question of the comparative worth of republic or monarchy is a question hardly worth serious consideration.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth."

The issues of the revolutionary wars are not the issues of to-day. Socialism, in its widest sense, takes the place once held by republicanism. The freedom men now crave is not the freedom to vote, but the freedom to live; right to labor and to enjoy the fruits of their labor. The working classes realize that political freedom is little more than a mockery, unless accompanied with economical independence. It is *independence*, rather than absolute equality, socialism demands; justice—cold, impartial justice, not benevolence, the workingman asks for; that the laborer shall be allowed to enjoy the fruits of labor; that all the toil of the world shall not be his alone, while all the joy of the world goes to those who employ him. It is for this we gratefully greet that emperor who dares to face the problem of the day, while men with less to lose and fewer prejudices to overcome, either see it not, or seeing dare not face it, and think by ignoring it, it will die out in silence. This social question will never die out while men willing to work must say "no" to every innocent desire for happiness their children utter, while hard-working men in this age of material wealth remain poor.

We can no longer symbolize civilization by a pyramid, the poor, down-trodden classes at the bottom supporting a happy little class at the top. Education has done its work; it has put souls into "our hands;" it has created human feelings and aspirations in the workers. The day of class civilization is past. The gifts of God are for all. Mr. Bellamy may be mistaken, doubtless is on many essential points, but the dream of justice which animates him shall be the waking reality of our children.

But it may be urged that not surrounding circumstances, not laws and institutions, but character alone creates happiness. "We do not like imperial paternalism," they say, "to see men too much cared for; let them care for themselves, struggle against difficulties and overcome them; so shall they be men. Life may be lived well even in a coal mine on 50 cents a day, with the children in rags, and in disease without a doctor."

But admitted that injustice exists, is it not our duty to help remove it? If there is no injustice; if the laborer gets his due, if necessity alone creates his misfortune, then let him bear it, patiently and nobly. But the evil that is not necessary, that is caused only by human mismanagement and disobedience of natural laws, let no good man bear any longer than wisdom and fairness to others demand. Institutions are of value. Every traveler knows that. New England institutions leaven every character born and bred there; Persian and Chinese institutions are in large measure materialized curses for all born in those climes. "Let me write the songs of the people, and you may write their laws," it is said. No need of quarreling with the poet, but I should be glad to have a share in writing the laws, and building the institutions of my country; I should know, that not only would they, if wise and just, increase the material prosperity of the people, but that they would remain, while lasting, and long after, a crystalized, omnipresent sermon, a character-producing atmosphere, even when many a poet's song had been forgotten, and the principles on which they rested had become truism. Character is built in many ways. It is not easy to say who has done most for the character of the modern Englishman, the kings and statesmen who wrote their laws, or the poets and preachers who cared for the spirit alone. God is in a wise law as much as in a fine sermon. Good laws work on the souls of men as sunshine does.

In conclusion: is it fair to talk about the lowest classes helping themselves alone? It seems cruel and abominable

so to talk. As if before the war the slaves had been told, they must rise solely by their own efforts, *without overthrowing any established institutions*; free themselves, without breaking their own chains! It is, as if we should say to the paralytic, "take care of thyself!" as if we should say to the man fallen amongst robbers, bound hand and foot, wounded unto death, "You must make yourself free and well by character; it would injure you, did we help you. Be a man, arise, and your chains will drop and your wounds heal!" I submit to friends of the teaching quoted, whether it would not be right to remove the chains that bind the lower classes, yes and even to heal their wounds on soul and body, before we throw them into competition with the free and whole and sound? One need not be a socialist to think so, nor need one believe at all in state-socialism, or any infringement of free and natural development, to share the aspiration of the age for social justice, for a kingdom of righteousness on earth. Let us be thankful for the strong hope held out to us in the teachings of Henry George, that *freedom may give us justice*; that what is needed, is not more ropes, more walls, but the removal of some arbitrary and unnatural ones, the mere taking away of the chains that bind, and that they, nature, freedom and human growth will do the rest; remove poverty and injustice, and the unsightliness of both, giving us a race of brothers living together in mutual good will and co-operation. So may it prove, and quickly, before more suffering is added to the burden of our world.

H. TAMIS LYCHE.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—A recent visit to Brooklyn, full of interest and pleasure, suggests a letter to UNITY. The trip was made for the purpose of attending the February meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women, already reported in UNITY. This meeting, though notably successful, was not, I think, more significant of the meaning and importance of the League than those held monthly, in which the members do their own talking, instead of inviting their sisters from the East and the West. This is perhaps not the place to introduce reflections on the influence of geographical location. Perhaps it is merely a coincidence that these women of the Middle States reach such cordial hands both ways. "Middle-women," we would like to call them, seeking to promote between East and West exchange of the commodity and coin of mutual helpfulness and fellowship.

The friendly interest of the League seems to embrace all sorts of good, quite independent of names or "issues." The day I was present, a report was given by the president of the Woman's Health Protective Association, which has done a greatly needed work in New York City in the municipal house-cleaning line; and has secured the passage and enforcement of some salutary laws concerning the disposal of garbage, and the location of slaughter houses, etc.

I visited the College Settlement on Rivington street, whose work has also been reported before the League, and found nothing in New York so interesting and significant for its size. It is one of several blessed undertakings which have been inspired by the short but truly noble life of Arnold Toynbee, of Oxford, England. Here these young women from Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, are living, on the edge of "slumdom," doing their own work, sweeping their own pavements, and by kindergartens, clubs, classes, a library, and other means, but most of all by simple virtue of their modest, sincere wish to help—winning their way to the hearts, and gaining influence over the lives of the people around them.

In the same line of woman's work, I want to mention the Brooklyn Woman's Club, which has just celebrated its

twenty-first anniversary. The Club, though not large, has been a power for the education and broadening of Brooklyn women. Over the fire-place hangs a portrait of Celia Burleigh, the first president of the club, and the first ordained Unitarian woman minister. At this anniversary meeting a portrait of Mrs. Anna Field, the founder of the Club, painted by her daughter, was presented. This Club aims at something besides self-culture. A business-woman's boarding home, where much beyond ordinary boarding-house comforts and advantages are furnished at very reasonable prices, is one of the results of its work. It is also supporting a free kindergarten.

Speaking of anniversaries, the pleasant afterglow of one that has recently been celebrated in Brooklyn still remained. UNITY readers have already seen an account of the delightful celebration of "twenty-five years together" by Mr. Chadwick and his people. Looking into the youthful, glowing faces of the pastor and his wife, it is hard to realize that another quarter-centennial is very close at hand—that of the union of these two who, almost from boy and girl, have walked united with this faithful people. Of the good work doing here, nothing seems better than the post-office mission to which many of the ladies are devoted. Think of the parish which a minister like Mr. Chadwick or Mr. Savage has, when, in addition to those who weekly hear his voice, thousands of his printed sermons go all over the land; and any number of faithful "post-office pastors," inspired by him, tend their flocks scattered from Maine to California!

C. J. B.

DEAR UNITY:—Having spent a profitable evening reading UNITY, I feel like sending you a note of thanks "for these and all other blessings," as the brothers Cheeryble would say. My UNITY usually reaches me Sunday morning, and takes the place, in a large degree, of a congenial religious service, of which, I am sorry to say, there is great dearth in this city at present. How I wish this excellent little paper could go into every household in the land. Many are the hearts hungering for a larger, freer creed; to whom its uplifting thought would come like satisfying manna, or like water to parched lips.

In reading your editorial note on Matthew, the thought came to me—if heaven means the highest, a state rather than a place, is there much distinction after all, between the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of God. And when, on the next page, I read Samuel J. May's comment on the life of that good woman, my own thought was confirmed. It is when His will is done, that His kingdom will come in the hearts of men.

M. B. M.

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THE CHURCH AS THE CENTER OF REFORM.

PREACHED BY REV. J. LL. JONES AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, MARCH 2, 1890.

Published by one of the Congregation.

"Begin at my sanctuary."—Ezekiel ix:6.

Practically but two views of religion engage the thoughtful mind today. One regards it as the central inspiration of human nature, the hub from which all the spokes in the wheel of human life radiate. The other looks upon it as a more or less arbitrary attachment to humanity, a decoration found somewhere out upon the circumference of the wheel, a more or less desirable appendage, but not a central part of the wheel. These two views give their respective estimate of the church; the first makes it a permanent factor in society; the second a convenient adornment, a pleasant but not an essential luxury.

Those of you who are accustomed to attend here, know that I am an earnest believer in the first theory. I believe that religion represents the most permanent and universal elements of human nature, those which engage and utilize the profoundest sentiments and instincts of the soul. Religion is the lasting inspiration of life; and inasmuch as we live in a world where spirit is ever incarnated, i. e., where life is continually revealing itself through form,—force draping itself in matter, principles, in proportion as they are alive, embodying themselves in institutions,—I must believe that the church in some form or another is in the world to stay. I believe in the continued usefulness and value of the visible church, because I believe in the permanency of religion. Not that the power of the one is ever co-extensive with the other. Not but that perhaps the better part of religion always eludes ecclesiastical lines, and is ever found outside of church doors; but the law of incarnation is a universal law of nature, and not a miraculous link in a theological scheme. Religion is of God, the church is of man, but none the less is the church related to the best of our interests. Constitutions and laws, state houses and courts, do not make a government, but government in any large sense is impossible without these. A house is not a home, but homes scarcely were until houses came to be. Churches are not religion; to identify the two is to bring confusion into our thought, and degeneracy into our life. Yet history proves beyond a doubt that high convictions will labor to propagate themselves, that active religious beliefs will work to build a church, or, in other words, to embody themselves in institutions. In some poor fashion the church is the altar upon which the central fires of the soul are kindled, before which the loftiest ambition bends the knee, before it arrogance is changed to reverence, and aspiration finds wings.

The prophet Ezekiel was one of the Jewish exiles in the valley of the Euphrates, one of the captives carried off to Babylon. He was a weird interpreter of what seemed to him a disconsolate and degenerate age. One of the most fantastic and extravagant writers of the Old Testament, he yet had the root of the matter in him, because he was a stern moralist. He had a stalwart grip on the law of consequences. He stood for individual righteousness and responsibility, in the face of all sorts of ritual and priestly entanglements. His writings are full of oriental imagery, but they always aim at the most occidental and practical demand for reform. In the chapter in which I find our text, we read that as he sat one day with the elders of Judea, on the distant banks of the Euphrates, a spirit appeared before him, seized him by a lock of his hair, and, lifting him between earth and heaven, carried him across the country, a stretch of some six hundred miles, putting him down in front of the north gate of the temple at Jerusalem. Everywhere he saw evi-

dence of the abominable worship of Baal. The spirit told him to look through a hole in the wall into the temple. There he saw seventy elders standing in a cloud of incense as they swung their censors. This homage was paid to graven images, creeping things and abominable beasts, as he thought. Again he was placed at the entrance of the house of Jehovah, and lo! there sat a woman weeping for Thammuz, the Syrian god that answers for the Greek Adonis. The spirit took him into the inner courts of the house of Jehovah itself, and there were five and twenty men with their backs to the door, their faces to the east, bowing to the sun, and swinging branches according to the Parsee ritual. He saw that these lapses filled the land with violence, and the spirit of his vision conjured six armed men before him, with one man clothed in linen, an ink-horn by his side. This scribe the spirit commanded to go through the city, and put a mark upon the foreheads of those who sighed over these abominations; and to the six armed men the spirit gave command to follow with their slaughter weapons, "and smite. Let not your eyes spare nor have ye pity; the old man, the youth, the virgin, little children and women, slay and destroy, but come not near any one who has the mark." And thus ends the grim commission of the spirit, "Begin at my sanctuary."

There was true insight in this old prophet's vision; if Jerusalem was to be saved, the work of reformation must begin at its sanctuary. From this point, the fiery besom of reform would sweep on, until all Israel was cleansed of corruption.

Not to spend too much time on the text, let it hint to us this truth: that the paralysis of the church marks a degeneracy and decay of the people. Whenever the priesthood becomes corrupt, the state totters. Israel withstood wars from without, but she could not survive the neglect of her altars within; her greatest degradation came when her priests bent the knee to Baal or turned aside to do reverence to Moloch. David, Elijah, Isaiah, Ezra and the indomitable Maccabean family re-animated the tottering state of Jewry because "they began at the sanctuary," the bugle of reform was sounded at the altars. Greece endured, spite of treason, spite of treachery, as long as the oracles of religion were honored and men said what they believed and believed what they said; but when the sanctity of her altars disappeared, when poets played with gods that were once worshiped, then not all her architecture, statuary, poetry or philosophy could save Greece from her doom. When the mock solemnities of the Pantheon made all the gods of the world equally welcome, and Rome was left without the protection of a great faith, she died. Her universal dominion was undermined by the superficiality and insincerity of her religion. Whenever you find weakness and dishonesty in the church it is well to recall the vision of Ezekiel and his warnings, to remember that no reform has ever permanently renovated the state that did not begin at the center. Many besides Martin Luther bemoaned the degeneracy and darkness of the sixteenth century, but it was Luther that ushered in the era, that by pre-eminence is known as the "era of the Reformation." He became the great reformer because he "began at the sanctuary." There were wiser and perhaps nobler men than John Knox in Scotland in his day; but he towers above all his contemporaries, and Scotland owes more to him than to any other man in his generation, or probably any succeeding generation, simply because he "began at the sanctuary." The same is true of George Fox and John Wesley in the old, of William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker in the new world. These men made vital the life about them, deepened the currents of civilization, because they faced the corruption and superstition of the church. They "began at the sanctuary," they spared no man, woman or

child that were without the mark on the forehead, the stamp of integrity and honor. Whenever the work of reform is taken up in this spirit, it must go on. "Begin at the sanctuary," make an honest church, compel the minister to tell the truth about his creed and his faith, and you will soon have purer homes, a better state and a higher worship.

If the church has any mission whatsoever, it is to elevate the standard of living, give dignity to every calling, bring sobriety into the enjoyments of the world, and to lead in the integrities. Whenever it fails to do this, it is infidel to its opportunities; its blessings will cease, until some Ezekiel with an eye piercing as lightning, and a voice terrible as thunder, exposes the situation, demands a higher standard and insists that the work of reformation begin at once at the centre. Aye, sometimes a greater than Ezekiel is needed, one who with the whip of small cords will drive selfishness out of the temple. Commercial dishonesty, social flippancy, and political intrigue will continue to debilitate the state and disgrace society, until the work of renovation "begins at the sanctuary," and the morality of the church rebukes that of the drawing-room, the caucus, the exchange and the legislative hall. Much is said, though none too much, of our political and financial sins. Many are the voices calling for reform. Numerous schemes are offered to improve things, but the truest inspiration, the voice of the Holy Spirit, still speaks in the tones of Ezekiel, "Smite, let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity, spare none save those on whose forehead is the mark—the mark of them which sigh and wail for the abominations; but begin at my sanctuary."

Let us try to apply this principle to some of the pressing reform problems of the day, beginning with the more general.

I. Notwithstanding our boasted intelligence and general system of education, our country is weighted down with an amount of stolid ignorance that ought to shame us. It has been estimated that about twenty per cent of the people of the United States are still unable to read and write; and of those who can, there is but a fraction who read in such a way as to increase their interest in thought, expand their relish for ideas and sharpen the divine curiosity in the soul. The newsdealers and bookstores have a larger call for poor books than good books. Thousands of weak story books are sold where the permanent books of literature and science are sold by the tens and hundreds. Our newspapers are so crowded with the sensations of crime, that they have no room to give notice of the many things that tell for thought and character. Let a single illustration suffice. We have had in Chicago this winter, at Recital Hall, a course of popular science lectures, delivered by the leading specialists of the country, but there has scarcely been a note of them in the papers. Last Friday night, Dr. Wilder, of Cornell University, lectured on a theme concerning which he is a recognized authority on both sides of the ocean. But the reporters of the daily press were conspicuous by their absence. Next Friday, Prof. Cope, of the State University of Pennsylvania, another man of recognized eminence, will speak in the course, and it will doubtless be the same. But at the same time, the reporters' tables at the latest divorce suit in our courts were doubtless crowded. This state of things will continue throughout the country in spite of the enormous investments in public schools and printing presses, until the churches take up the battle against ignorance in dead earnest, and make common cause with science in the struggle for light. It will continue until the cause of intelligence is made the cause of religion, until the pulpit brands as a crime all wilful stupidity and wilful ignorance in the church or out of it. Ministers of religion must recognize that the cause of culture is the cause of heaven,

before the clouds of ignorance can be lifted. Every church in the land, reaching from the Catholic Cathedral to the Ethical Culture Hall, must make common cause with the public school master before intelligence becomes a character-making force in society and the state. "We must begin at the sanctuary." The priest must teach men and women to think, must show our boys and girls that God takes no delight in foolishness, that unthinking piety is impious, that unreasonable religion is irreligion. Beginning at the sanctuary to educate, we shall have a culture that will indeed cultivate the fields of human nature. Stop and realize how slowly our churches are arraying themselves on the side of education, and you will shudder over our condition and prospects. Take this portion of our city. Within a mile of this place, I count nine churches, with an estimated investment of at least \$872,000 of capital in church property.* For the most part, this immense property and all the moral and social power it represents, is unemployed and inoperative, the larger part of each week, and only haltingly committed to the cause of science and culture, the remainder of the time. So far as I know, I can count in this same area but two systematic attempts at keeping open a public reading-room, and free resorts for the homeless and the intellectually unoccupied; and these are necessarily confined to attempts to reach a few boys, street-car drivers and the like. So insignificant are they to the needs, that they scarcely deserve mention. Take the single class, which perhaps gives modern society most trouble, and which offers the most available material for education and refinement. I allude to the servant girls, of whom there are perhaps, a thousand or fifteen hundred, within the territory indicated; and so far as I know, there is absolutely no place where they can find stimulus to thought and helps to education outside their churches, which are more committed to dogmas than to thought, to salvation, as they understand it, than to culture. And even the churches, with the one honorable exception of the Catholic Church, scarcely recognize the existence of this class, upon which the health and happiness of our homes are so intimately, and as matters now are, painfully dependent. So long as the Catholic Church is willing to be the church of the servant girls and respects them as living souls, it will live and it deserves to live.

Look on the other hand, in this territory represented by these nine sombre churches, there is, I should say, at least twice that number of saloons, extending cheerful welcome to their genial, though blighting influences, open for the most part, seven days in the week, and fifteen hours a day. O, the hospitalities of vice; how they shame the exclusiveness of virtue. As we speak these words, how confused the mind grows, until we are at a loss to know which is more damnable, the hospitalities of the one place, or the exclusiveness of the other; and we are tempted to confess this ignorance, as Father Taylor once did, when a brother minister refused to enter his pulpit, because it had been desecrated the Sunday before by a Unitarian minister. The quaint Bethel preacher dropped upon his knees, and shot like a ball out of the cannon's mouth, this prayer heavenward: "O Lord have mercy on Boston, deliver it from bad rum and bigotry. Which is worse, Thou alone canst tell; I can't, Amen." These saloons will thrive and triumph over our churches, so long as expediency chokes candor, as long as reason is stigmatized within the churches, and the spirit of inquiry is discouraged at the altars of religion. The one class of people made more conspicuous by their absence at the course of lectures referred to than the reporters is the ministers,—a course, equal to which, Prof. Morse of Salem said the other night, so far as he knew, had never been undertaken in any other city in this country. Just as fast as our churches are dedicated to the cause of

* Business men in the congregation pronounce the above an estimate entirely inadequate.

knowledge, *all* knowledge, and their doors swing open every day in the week to the education of soul, the development of mind, so fast will ignorance vanish. When we "begin at the sanctuary" to recognize the sacredness of every fact, from a trilobite fossil up to the book of Job, then will superstition vanish, the sunlight of intelligence illumine society, and the glow of reason make noble every brow. If you would drive away illiteracy from the land, "begin at the sanctuary," friends.

II. A second great deplorable sin of our land and age is dishonesty in its various forms, insincerity in word or deed. There is so much shameless pretension in society, so much make-believe in fashion, so many tricks that are vain in trade and ways that are dark in politics. But the editorial pen, the pencil of the caricaturist, and the police courts are well nigh powerless in their attempts to check these dishonesties in places high and low. They will continue to flourish until the voice of the spirit is heard that bids us "begin at the sanctuary." There must come a great yearning for candor in the pulpit, an indignant demand for intellectual and moral honesty in ecclesiastical councils. We need such a cleansing river of frankness as flowed through the soul of George Fox and his followers. There will be shameless intrigues in politics so long as there is a shameless concealment of real convictions in the pulpit and pew; there will be insincerities in fashionable life so long as men and women, with sublime self-conceit, profess on bended knees that they are "miserable sinners," and that "there is no health in them." What can you expect in your counting-rooms or council chambers so long as rationalists who believe in the God of law and not the God of miracle, who six days in the week delight in the words of Emerson and the philosophy of Darwin and Herbert Spencer, stand up on the seventh day of the week and declare in sonorous sentences that they "believe in Jesus Christ, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, dead and buried; that he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead and that he is to come to judge the quick and the dead;" that they further believe in the resurrection of the body; that the scattered atoms of physical nature which have been interwoven in a thousand forms of life are to re-assemble again. O friends, never dream of an honest community so long as things are said in the church to be laughed at by the same people in the street. If you want a sincere people, "begin at the sanctuary," go forth like the armed men in Isaiah's vision and slay all shams, saving nothing that has not the mark of integrity upon its forehead. Much of the moral debility in modern society germinates in that mephitic atmosphere where people pay their money to perpetuate dogmas which they do not believe in, send their children to Sunday-schools to be taught doctrines they despise. This dry rot becomes pestilential, and spreads with the rapidity of an epidemic. When it is known that hundreds of pulpits throughout our land are occupied by men who live in intellectual rebellion against the creeds they are vowed to support, and say nothing about it; who recommend Watts to their congregation, while they themselves drink deep of the universalism of Whittier and Tennyson, of the strong independency of Lowell and Browning. Their creeds teach a fallen nature, a delusive world, but with Wordsworth and Emerson they find sweet communion with this same world of nature. They recommend Baxter's "Saints' Rest" to the young convert, while their own minds are strengthened with the vigor of Herbert Spencer and George Eliot. I tell you this deceit, when it exists, is more damnable than caucus rings and political chicanery. This is the lying that is the blackest of all lies. Is there no Ezekiel to hear the voice that says, "Begin at my sanctuary?" "Begin at my sanctuary!" kill everything that has not upon its fore-

head the mark of honesty, and then society will be purified.

III. Again, we deplore the low standards of private morals, we blush at the impurities and debaucheries that center around the love of strong drink. We throw our energies spasmodically into this temperance society, or that social-science congress, but no noble reform will come until we "begin at the sanctuary." The churches must take up the cry of temperance and personal cleanliness, and enforce them as central principles, not delegating the work to others. When Father Matthew tied his temperance pledge to the cross, and held up the two together before besetted Ireland, thousands of drink-weakened wills stood erect and were enabled to defy the awful appetite. We must begin at the sanctuary to fight intemperance. The saloons will continue in the ascendancy as long as our churches are so engaged with the problems of hell-fire in the next world that they have but a fraction of time left to consider the hellish fires consuming in their passionate flames men and women in this world. Not until we begin at the sanctuary to talk less of the next life and more of this, to dream less of things beyond the clouds, to keep a sharper lookout for the pitfalls that await our feet, and to open our hearts to the harmonies of the heaven that now is possible; not until temperance, purity, industry, and all the decencies are insisted on by the church as the only road to salvation, sober living the only atonement that will lead us to the Father, will immorality grow less, and our men and women be saved. Let the church purify its standards and society will become pure.

IV. Once more, we must "begin at the sanctuary" if we would reform our financial affairs, secure what is so earnestly sought for, the more just distribution of wealth. It is true, so true that no sane person will deny it, that honest debts go unpaid in these days, bankrupt men grow rich. It is true that humble toil is shamelessly robbed of its hard-earned savings, and overcome in the struggle with speculation and financial intrigue. How often must we stand aghast at the recklessness with which young men involve themselves in obligations they are unable to pay. Even here, I think reform must begin at the sanctuary. Of all the reckless book-keeping in this reckless land and age, there has been none more reckless than the book-keeping of the church. In the last twenty-five years no mortgages have been more willingly drawn and more tardily canceled than mortgages on costly churches. No debts have been more easily accrued and none more reluctantly paid than church debts. No support has been more shifting and uncertain than the support of religious instrumentalities. Of all the commodities of modern life, the church commodities, its privileges and inspirations, its restful atmosphere and inspiring words, are the only commodities I know of which have their market values entirely fixed by the fluctuating condition of the purchaser's pocket, or by what is left therein after he has paid his other bills of necessities and of luxuries. Men do not go to their butcher and say: "Last year I paid sixteen cents a pound for beef, this year my income is a little less, I can pay you only twelve cents a pound." Still less do they say: "I paid ten per cent. more to my tailor last year than the preceding year, so I am going to pay you ten per cent. less." Rather do they say: "I must have meat to sustain life, I will pay for that though I must go without cake or confectionery." Now if religion is anything it is a central necessity of life; and still men pay for it as they pay for luxuries, with the fag-ends of their income. If the church privileges are meat and drink to the soul, let them be so entered on the books, and paid for as ungrudgingly and promptly as you pay the butcher or your water tax. There are people who frankly confess that the church privileges are a source of priceless strength to them, they would not know how to

get through the week without them, they say; still they enter their subscriptions to this same church under the head of "charities," and because they have paid a little more there they must pay less here. About the meanest thing a man can do is to subscribe to a worthy cause and then take it out of the minister's salary next year. He might much better let the minister make the subscription in the first place. If the church deals in staple goods, if it represents the necessities of the community, let its claims be honored with the same cheerfulness as other claims are; let it be supported as the schools and the state are, by an *ad valorem* tax, assessed by each man's conscience. Pay in proportion to your wealth indeed; but pay for it as you pay for bread, not as you pay for candy. Support it as you support the highway; not as you support your poodle or hunting dog. Speaking out of the growing convictions and observations of twenty years in the ministry, I am profoundly persuaded that if even our economical systems are to be reformed we must begin at the sanctuary. The church has dwelt too long on the honeyed phrases of a "free gospel," a Savior that pays all the debts we owe. "Free gospel?" there is none such. God gives nothing for nothing. He makes no reductions on his market prices; every penny must be paid in the clearing house of heaven. There must be something radically wrong in the administration of a gospel that boasts of its cheapness, that takes it out of the reach of the large number that most need it, that makes it the last luxury of the wealthy and not the common privilege of the thrifty. Here, as elsewhere, let the reform begin at the sanctuary. In the name of religion let it be said, away with bell and steeple, away with costly windows, sumptuous shadings and luxurious sittings. Let the worshiper return, if he must, to naked walls, bare floors, hard benches, if thereby the church may return to righteous financial methods. Let no one presume to do the work of the Lord with unholy money, nor enrich his soul by beating his way through. Free lunches, whether in the church or in the saloon, are a delusion and a snare, making tramps instead of men. Yes, if we would distribute evenly the burdens of life, and divide justly the bounties of life, let us begin at the sanctuary. Beginning there let us slay every practice that has not upon its forehead the mark of integrity, commercial honesty; and let this be done, though one-half of our churches be converted into factories, and two-thirds of the worshipers be changed into operatives, for thereby will the cause of religion be advanced.

This, as I love to think of it, is the practical outcome of the dream of Ezekiel. This is the church I dream of, a church that is the center of all life-giving forces, the home of reforms, the headquarters of the humanities, the public school of character, the workshop of the noble. Is it all a dream? I know just what some of you would like to say at this point. I have said it myself. The church, as a center of reform, has scarcely ever had visible existence; the church in the past has stoned its prophets, and crucified its saviors. It has opposed science, frowned on the student, cast out, and not unfrequently burned, the thinker. It has turned a deaf ear to the cry of the slave, and it has been slow to defy the kings and to respect the peoples of the world. The church, even now, is sadly indifferent to the degradations of the inebriate, and the solitude of the abandoned; it still struggles not to possess itself of new thoughts, but to keep in the world the thought which the world has almost got through with. So palpable is this, so sadly patent are these facts, that you would like to ask me what I have often asked myself: "Why struggle to keep alive that which had better be abandoned? Why call for precious time, strength and money to keep a questionable life in the slow moving organizations of the church? Why not put our energies and resources

into schools, libraries, lyceums, improvement clubs and liberty halls? Why not turn our backs upon these dogma-protecting institutions and accept the undogmatic fellowship of secular unions and co-operative societies?" Sure enough!

Friends, I have not refused to consider these questions and do not now. I have no time this morning to go over the steps that lead to the conclusion, but the conclusion I confidently give. This dream church, this church of Ezekiel's vision, is more valuable than all the substitutes suggested, and it is most important that we work for it.

I have seen in vision a town unburdened by churches, where the call to prayer was never urged, where children were never gathered together to be taught to lisp collectively the words God, Jesus, heaven, duty. In that town young men and maidens were given in marriage, but religion offered no visible ceremony to seal the private vow. In that city death came as it comes here, mothers mourned for babes and babes sobbed for mothers, hearts were left companionless, trusted leaders were smitten, manly pillars fell, but the mortal part of each was carried to the tomb with no words of garnered wisdom spoken, no sentences of celestial hopes breathed. All this and more I saw in the churchless town that appeared in my dream, and I wondered if, on account of its churchless condition, science was more honored there, the intellect more cultivated, the humanities more active and the moralities more conspicuous.

I leave you to ponder the same question. Were the homes more tender, the individual life more sanctified when relieved of these make-weights of the churches? Think of it. It is a question worthy your profoundest thought. As for me, I woke from my dream to the old convictions stated at the outset. While man continues human, while his life impinges on every side upon a divine mystery, while finite mind is found in an infinite world, so long as there are loveless hearts left in living communities, so long as human wills are broken on the wheel of circumstances; so long as blameless children are trained into a blameless maturity; so long as wounded souls must writhe with pain and remorse, so long will there be, must there be, churches; institutions that will try to embody in actual visible fellowship the inspirations and aspirations of religion. Thus bound to the conviction that we must have churches, I return to the old, old task of trying to make a church worth having. If we cannot live without churches, let us, in God's name, have churches that we can live with and live in. Come, join me in this great task of making a church that will indeed be the center of reform. Let us rise to a sense of the immense opportunity and the awful responsibility that rests on those who undertake to make a church for themselves. To come very close to our conscience ere we part, let us confess that this All Souls Church is destined to carry a mighty power for good or for evil over the lives of our children; it will either bless or curse the young men and women in this vicinity. Aye! it must either reform or degrade the community itself, just as we make it a thing of life or of form, of love's sacrifices or of lazy indulgence, albeit spiritual indulgence. A church that does not stand for a greater simplicity of life, a higher morality, more refinement, deeper consecration, and more common sense than is attained in society generally, is in the way; it has no excuse for being. It is a stumbling block to the unwary, a delusion and snare to the trusty. It must be either killed or reformed at once, if such thing is possible.

But a church that in the humblest way has planted itself on the advanced line anywhere, a church that throws out its pickets into the enemy's country, the country where ignorance, dishonesty, intemperance and selfishness dwell, becomes the very army of God, the bodyguard of righteousness. It builds the

citadel of manliness, and holds, actually in trust, the keys of the kingdom of heaven. It is Christ's household for "Is not His love at issue still with sin, Closed with and cast and conquered, crucified Visibly when a wrong is done on Earth?"

Notes from the Field.

Luverne, Minn.—Rev. E. T. Wilkes, who for a few weeks is seeking needed rest in California, sends us the following lines in memory of Eva Mahoney, her lovely little parishioner, whose recent death is a sorrow to all who knew her. We were privileged to count Eva among our friends, and shall long remember her thoughtful face and earnest devotion to the Unitarian cause. She was not yet ten years old when she desired to belong to the church of her father and mother; and when her heart failed her once to publicly confess this desire, as she meant to do, she was deeply grieved with herself, and a year afterward acknowledged her weakness to the friend whose invitation she felt that she had slighted, and took the earliest opportunity to carry out the long cherished wish of her heart. Mrs. Wilkes writes: Unity Church, Luverne, Minn. has met with a great sorrow in the giving up of its youngest member. Eva Mahoney died March 13, after a short illness. All who have visited Luverne remember the sweet faced, gentle little girl who was always present at the meetings, unconsciously teaching us all a lesson of faithfulness. Sunday-school, Unity Club and church service never were complete without her. Her fourteen beautiful years have left a blessed memory, and the church she loved has received a new consecration in her going into the higher life. Truly "A little child shall lead them."

Suffolk Women's Auxiliary.—The union meeting of the Suffolk branches of the Women's Auxiliary Conference was held on Thursday, March 20, at the Parker Memorial Building. We are sorry to be obliged to condense the very interesting report sent us. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe gave a paper which she called a "Meditation on Mormonism or rather a Meditation on the Theory and Practice of Religion as Suggested by Mormonism." She said Mormonism was becoming a centralized power. Its mischiefs are beyond the power of words to express. Plural marriage destroys family ties and the purity of home, makes man the tyrant of a harem, and woman a slave. The ranks of Mormonism are recruited from the lowest classes in Europe; ignorance and superstition nourish it. It is imperative that its growth be stopped. She thought an American Protective Association might be formed by Americans living abroad.

—Miss E. P. Channing said that Mormonism was the next great sin to slavery. —Mrs. Whitman spoke of information which she had lately received concerning homes for children and infants in the South and West, supposed to be under Mormon influence. —After the discussion of the paper, reports were read of the New South, Roxbury, and Dorchester branches, showing excellent work in all Post-office Mission work, Study Classes, and money raised for missionary purposes; the Meadville Endowment Fund and the Montana Indian school being also remembered.

Boston.—At the Saturday afternoon Normal Class in Channing Hall, Rev. Edward E. Hale said the Christian has a better chance to grow rich and to make his children rich than the trader or mechanic who has a bad reputation for honesty, purity of life and speech—who forgets the golden rule. Wealth is a Christmas gift to men. Christian nations are more permanently prosperous than any people with another national religion. It is Puritanic to be thrifty, it is the part of sons of Puritans to grow rich by honest, large policy in business—yet to be generous in sustaining charities and in patronizing fine arts.

—Rev. G. M. Cutter, of Newport, will speak of "Public Opinion" before the Ministerial Union.

—Rev. Wm. H. Lyon, of Roxbury (Boston) is giving a series of sermons on the "Sects." Next topic: "Episcopalians."

—During the last week of Lent—services will be held daily in King's Chapel.

—Channing's birthday was April 17, 1780. In Arlington (Boston suburb) the Easter service will be a "Channing Memorial."

—Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," will, in May, take charge of the monthly publication "The Nationalist."

St. Paul, Minn.—The People's Church, Dr. S. G. Smith pastor, has just placed in position three memorial windows—one bearing an ideal head of Paul, while on the windows on either side are the faces of Wesley and Emerson. On Sunday evening, March 23, an Emerson meeting was held, with a large congregation in attendance. An essay was read by Miss Beals, and addresses were made by Mr. Crothers, of Unity Church, and by Dr. Smith. The People's Church is not two years old, but has already become one of the prominent institutions of St. Paul. Its auditorium seats twenty-five hundred people. On Sunday morning, March 23, Mr. Smith preached an eloquent sermon on the "Blunders of Dogmatism." He sets forth eight "Blunders." His first is his failure to recognize a progressive nature in men; his second, his failure to recognize a progressive revelation of truth; third, he blunders in his method of conformity; fourth, he fails to recognize the nature of religion; fifth, he fails to see how God

deals in His management of the universe; sixth, he fails to recognize the unities of truth; seventh, he fails to recognize the infinite nature of truth; eighth, he fails to provide for new light. At the close he affirms that love is the faculty by which we apprehend God, "There is but one way." He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love.

Oakland, Cal.—The Oakland *Tribune* publishes an interview with Rev. Thos. Van Ness, Supt. of the A. U. A. on the Pacific Coast, from which we glean that during the past six months Unitarian religious services have been established at Carpenteria, San Bernardino and Santa Ana. At Fresno the interest is so great that a society has been organized six months without a pastor. A spirited movement has been started at Alameda. In half a dozen towns in Washington they are asking for pastors. There are now twenty-one churches on the Pacific Coast and more in prospect. A mission church on the Robert Elsmere plan is contemplated in San Francisco.

—Mr. Van Ness expects soon to form a Unitarian Club of prominent gentlemen in San Francisco, and to open Unitarian Headquarters in that city.

The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association met at the First Church, Thursday, March 27, with Mrs. Ware in the chair. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, a motion was made and carried that the chair appoint a nominating committee for the election of officers for the ensuing year. As a result, Mmes. Broomell, Cheney, Church, Spencer and Gordon were appointed. Mrs. Remick was appointed chairman of the programme committee, she and the president to appoint the remainder of the committee and report at the next meeting. Carried. The essayist for the day, Dr. Rose Bryan gave a paper upon "Theosophy." [The report reaches *UNITY* too late to make room for an abstract of the paper.—ED.] In place of a discussion, it was left free for friends to ask Dr. Bryan questions. Many availed themselves of this opportunity, manifesting much interest in the subject.

EMMA DUPEE, *Secretary.*

Winona, Minn.—The following is the program of the dedication services and state conference at Winona, Minn., as accurately as it can now be made:

April 8th, 2:30 p. m. Dedication of the Winona Unitarian Church.
7:30. Recognition Service in which eight or nine ministers participate in recognizing and congratulating the young parish.
9th, Meeting (Regular Semi-annual) of Minnesota State Conference.
9 a. m. Devotional Service.
9:30. Business Meeting.
1:30. Papers to be read.
7:30. Ordination of Mr. W. F. Greenman.

On Thursday Messrs. Fenn and Greenman begin a "Mission Week" in the Winona church. There will be preaching every evening.

Pomona, Cal.—The Unity Club of Pomona asks each of its members to bring in a list of ten books, such as they would choose if they had access to no others. One member sends in the following list: "Luebke's History of Greek Art, Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Hallam's Middle Ages, Lecky's Intellectual Development of Europe, Shakespeare's Plays, Green's Short History of the English People, Bryce's American Commonwealth, Spencer's Sociology, Tennyson's Poems and *Les Misérables*." The person sending this list thinks that from these books he could construct a very fair history of the world up to date.

Alton, Ill.—Rev. H. D. Stevens, of Alton, contributes to the *Telegraph* of that city a very clear and interesting article on the history and position of Unitarianism. He refutes the charge that it is dying, by showing that it has increased from 268 churches at the close of the war, to 450 to-day, an increase of nearly seventy-five per cent. in twenty five years. He brings out the imposing array of great names on the Unitarian side and quotes Mr. Spurgeon, of England, as saying that a wave of Unitarianism is passing through the church.

Monroe, Wis.—A large increase in the attendance at the Sunday-school is reported at Monroe and a growing interest in both parents and children.

Unity Church, St. Louis.—Of the \$200.00 acknowledged by the treasurer of the Western Conference from Unity Church, \$50.00 of the amount is in payment of individual subscription to the Guaranty Fund.

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The Home.**HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.**

Sun.—Who doeth right deeds, is twice born.
Mon.—Within ourselves deliverance must be sought.

Tues.—Stronger than woe, is will.

Wed.—That which was good, doth pass to better—best.

Thurs.—Hold sway over thyself.

Fri.—That which ye sow, ye reap.

Sat.—* * * Govern the lips

As they were palace doors, the king within.

—Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*.

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

The little seed fulfills its law of being—
Through death it fairer grows—
No hint of new and wondrous beauty seeing
In lily or in rose.

The seed that knows not light nor upper air,
The bloom of flowering sod,
Alike the Heavenly Father's thought they share,
Alike they live in God.

Our darlings pass beyond our love's enfolding—
We mourn with streaming eyes
Until we learn to smile through tears, beholding
The life that never dies.

For though we tread alone familiar places
Beloved feet have trod,
Although we look not on our darlings' faces,
We live with them in God.

ANNA M. PRATT.

BERTIE'S REVENGE.

Bertie was only two years old, with the prettiest little curly head and sunny face you would find in a day's travel. So it was no wonder we all noticed him one day, yes, for several days, when he was very thoughtful. He had no home trouble of any importance, but the baby sister of his friend Otto was dead.

Dead! what did that mean? To both of the boys she had seemed to sleep in that pretty white box, with lovely flowers strewn about her. But then she did not awaken when all the little children sang, and her mother cried and called her name. Neither of the boys could understand. After a few days Otto's mother told him that little Inez's body was dead, but God gave her spirit wings, and it flew away to him. With this Otto was quite satisfied, and ran over to Bertie to tell it to him. After he had returned to his home, Bertie came into the room where his mother sat reading. He threw himself at her feet on a rug to await her invitation to a chat, but as he seemed troubled, mamma lifted him to her lap, and asked him to tell her why he was so sad. He told her how he and Otto were puzzling over what death meant, and also what Otto's mother said about the wings, and wanted to know if it was true, and how it was, "really plain." At first mamma was puzzled to know how to make him understand figurative language, when she happened to remember that in the volume of "Tennyson," in which she had just been reading, occurred the lines:

"Life and Thought have gone away,
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide,
Careless tenants they!"

The poem was illustrated with a picture of a room, in which lay the form of one dead. The door and windows of the room were wide open, and fleeing away in the distance, seen thro' the open window, were two angels representing "Life," and "Thought." She opened the book and explained as well as she could. Bertie seemed to comprehend the meaning perfectly, and mamma thought the matter settled.

About a week later, however, she was much amused, and somewhat shocked by his new application of the story. Bertie was naughty and tried the patience of every one in the house, until his mother had to reprove him sharply. He put on his most injured look and muttered, "Never mind, when you die I won't let your spirit out to go to God at all." This was very saucy and disrespectful, of course, but I don't think Bertie meant it as bad as it sounded. And it was not long before he grew older and knew better.

"My son, what do you mean?" said his mother.

"Why, when you die I'll shut your body up in the dining-room and I'll make it tighter'n you do to keep out the flies, and your spirit may just flop around until it beats the *dust* all off its wings, I won't let it out to go up to God at all, so there, now!"

A queer revenge you say! Bertie is older now and understands figurative language better; but he yet wants to keep his mamma, spirit and all, he says, not because he is angry with her, but because he loves her so much. C. K. B.

THE SONG OF THE SEED.

I'm awake, I'm alive!
I throb with delight!
From out the long darkness
There comes a great light.

From the mother-plant's stem
I blossomed and dropped,
And I thought 'twas the end;
Life seemed to have stopped.

Snow covered the ground,
And nothing was left
But my little brown shell,
Of beauty bereft.

What happened I know not,
But of this I am sure,
The warm earth is 'round me,
I am living once more!

The sunlight has thrilled me,
I come at its call,
To the beauty, and duty,
And love of it all.

I'm awake, I'm alive!
It is blessed to be—
I ask not why life again
Comes back to me.

ABOUT A DOG.

Some years past, when we were dwellers in Homewood, a dog came into our possession. The name of "Tiger" was bestowed upon him, not because of ferocious and forbidding appearance or characteristics, but for the manner in which his hair was prettily striped.

He was of average size, dainty in manners, and had such intelligent eyes, that we knew there must be something back of them. He had two noble traits for which we loved and admired him—he was loyal and kind.

Father was often called to the city on business, leaving home on the morning train, returning in the evening. Tiger would accompany father to the depot, await the train, see him safely aboard, then returning home, take a position on the piazza, just in front of the door, a wide-a-wake sentinel, and a wise warning to all strange comers to the house that day. When the whistle of the approaching evening train was heard, away he would speed to give greeting to father. Can you think how much that greeting said, when he had been so watchful all day?

Unfortunately some one did not think quite as much of Tiger as we did, and gave him something to eat, which made him suffer intensely for a little while and then he passed quietly away.

Behind the great barn, we found a grassy nook, and with simple ceremonies, our "big brother" helped us place Tiger in the warm brown earth, and cover him with the sweet fresh grass.

Of course we could not erect a monument to him, but be assured, that in the memory of each one, who loved him, is that which plainly tells what he was and what he did.

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